

The True Northerner.

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WHOLE NO. 1142.

THE PALAEOCRYSTIC SEA.

Oh, Captain Nares was a sailor bold
Of England's proud Navies,
And he sailed to the land of perpetual cold
That borders the Arctic Pole.
"Hill's heat beat those fellows," he said,
"That came from America,
And show the way to the Arctic Pole
To all that come after me."
So he sailed away to the frozen North,
And up Smith Sound went he;
Till at last he came to the end of his rope
In latitude eighty-three.
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WHO MADE THE PROPOSAL?

Dr. Gibson, having made an unprofessional visit to Mrs. Kellicott, walked down to the gate with her daughter Matty.
Matty was 20 years old, and the doctor was 30. Her eyes were brown, and they were gray. She "had on" a pink calico dress and a white muslin apron; he wore clean, cool-looking linen clothes and a wide Panama hat.
The gentleman admired the lady's flowers very much, especially the white roses—one of which, by the way, she had tucked under her ear. She inquired with considerable show of interest about the Ruggles children, who had the measles. He told her gravely all about Tommy and Ben, Alice and Kit; and, when he had finished, a silence fell upon them.

Matty was leaning on the gate, looking down the village street. She thought how funny it was for Mr. Scott to paint his new house pen-green with lavender trimmings, and was about to say so to Dr. Gibson, when he stopped her.
He said the very last thing she would have expected to hear. He said:
"Matty, I love you, and want you to marry me!"

The very look in the bright, brown eyes would have told him, without a single spoken word, how thoroughly unlooked-for such a proposal had been. She had never, in all the years she had known Dr. Gibson, thought for a moment of the possibility of his loving her. She was very sorry, she told him, but she didn't love him one bit, at least in that way. But the tears came into her eyes as she saw the quiet face grow a trifle pale.

"I hardly believed you did care for me," he went on, after a pause. "But I hoped you might yet learn to do it."
"But—but—" said Matty, with embarrassment, "I thought every one knew I was engaged to my cousin Tom."

"Your cousin Tom!" echoed the doctor. It was impossible to mistake the impression which passed over his face. It was not merely personal regret at the fact she announced, but an impartial disapproval of the match.

He made no comment, however, but directly said:

"Matty, I shall never get over this—I mean that I shall always love you, and, if you need a friend or protector, or—or any one, you'll come to me, won't you?"

She promised and held out her hand to him. He shook it warmly, said "God bless you!" and left her hurriedly.

Matty, still leaning on the wooden gate, watched the retreating figure out of sight. She was very quiet all day, and in the evening propounded this absurd question:

"Tom, what would you do if I should jilt you?"

Tom stroked his downy upper lip, and looked pensive.

"Couldn't say," he replied, after some moments of reflection. "You might try and see."

"Perhaps I will," she replied more soberly than the occasion seemed to warrant. Tom stared very hard at her, but immediately forgot the incident.

Nearly a year passed. One day Mrs. Kellicott's "help" rushed frantically into Dr. Gibson's house, and breathlessly announced to that gentleman that "Mr. Tom would be dead'n a door nail long before he got there, if he didn't jump."

For two seconds, thinking of him as his rival in Matty's affections, the doctor had half a mind to consign him to the tender mercies of good, stupid old Dr. Wells; but his better nature prevailed, and he started for Mrs. Kellicott's at the very heels of the servant-girl.

When he arrived he found Tom in high fever, and delirious. He pronounced it a severe case of typhoid fever, and privately added a doubt that he would recover. He sent to his own house for changes of clothing, prepared to devote himself to the sick man. Matty too, was unwearied in her work, and, being necessarily much in Tom's room, consequently saw the doctor constantly. He and his patient presented a marked contrast to each other. The latter was cautious and peevish to an unheard-of degree, and talked almost incessantly of some unknown being named Kate. On the other hand, Dr. Gibson was so patient and gentle, so strong and helpful, doing so much for Tom, and yet not forgetting one of his accustomed duties, that Matty opened her eyes in admiring astonishment.

One morning, as the doctor prepared a sleeping draught for somebody, and dictated to Matty a prescription for

somebody else, she said with real solicitude:

"Dr. Gibson, you will certainly kill yourself if you keep on at this rate; and 'tis my belief that you are overworked, and you ought to take a rest."

"Do I appear to be at death's door?" he inquired, straightening up, and squaring his shoulders, as if proud of his proportions. "No, Matty, he continued solemnly, though with a merry twinkle in the honest eyes, "work, as Mrs. Bowers frequently remarks, is a panacea." Matty understood him and colored crimson.

At last Tom was pronounced out of danger, and now the doctor felt that he must remove himself and his belongings from Mrs. Kellicott's house to his own. Matty, hidden by the honey-suckle vines over the piazza, watched him go and cried a little.

The morning after, Tom and Matty sat on the piazza; he reading, or pretending to read, while she sewed diligently. Neither uttered a word for more than half an hour.

Presently Matty shook out the muslin cap she was making, and laid it on her work-box, put her little silver thimble aside, and dropped her hands, one over the other, into her lap. Then she looked up.

Tom was staring straight at her. She colored violently, and so, for that matter, did he.

"Tom," she began, "don't be angry. Oh, do forgive me!" She paused, trying to think how she could tell him softly; but she went on bluntly, "I want to end our engagement."

"So do I," rejoined he, with difficulty suppressing a whistle. Then both burst into a hearty laugh.

"You see, Mat," said Tom, when he could speak, "I love some one else."

Matty appeared to be taken quite by surprise at this declaration.

"But I couldn't help it, indeed I couldn't," she said.

"She is a young lady whose name is Kate, and her eyes are the bluest, and her cheeks the reddest, and she sings 'Under the Stars' with guitar-accompaniment," rattled Matty all in a breath.

It was Tom's turn to stare. "Where did you find all this out?" he asked.

"My dear little bird, etc. I think I'll go and write to my future cousin!" and off she ran, glad to escape the questions which she feared he might propound.

"But you haven't told me—" he called after her.

And never shall," she returned, whisking into her own room.

In less than an hour she had reconciled her mother to Fate's decree, and written to Miss Kate Spencer, and persuaded Tom to write also, and had done much toward informing the whole village of her altered prospects.

In due time Tom was married, Matty officiating as first bridesmaid.

Matty, after the excitement of Tom's wedding, bethought herself what she should do. There were her summer dresses to be made up, her music scholars to attend to, the sewing-circle and the flowers; but these occupied neither all her time nor thoughts. There ought to have been Dr. Gibson, too, she could not help thinking; but that gentleman, instead of falling at her feet as soon as he heard she was free, paid her no more attention than before. She waited for him, in growing wonder and worry, an eternity—two weeks—and then took measures to bring him to him to his senses.

She expected only recognized and ladylike means, however. She began by flirting a little with different gentlemen.

There was Will Ellis. This young gentleman had offered himself to our heroine, on an average, four times a year, ever since she was 15. She had invariably refused him, decidedly and emphatically; but they were the best of friends in the world. She now told him in so many words, that she could accept all the attention he would offer her during the next week, taking care to remember that this singular declaration proceeded not from any special regard for him, but was made in pursuance of some occult design on her part.

Forthwith the pair embarked upon what seemed to be the stormiest flirtation Skinnerville ever saw. In the long morning they drove or rode together; they dined at Mrs. Kellicott's, and immediately after sallied forth on some other excursion. Both were excellent equestrians, and Matty glided in galloping over hill and dale, on one of Will's handsome horses. (Will, by-the-by, was the son of a rich man.) Then they drank an early tea on the veranda and spent the evening at the piano or in reading. At the hour of 9, Matty always sent Will home, without a particle of ceremony or regret at his departure. In short, what appeared to Skinnerville as a serious courtship was, in reality, a pure business matter, and so understood between the two parties to it.

This state of affairs continued for a week or so, during which time the doctor ignored Matty's existence, except as she was the daughter of his dear friend, Mrs. Kellicott. And all the time the girl was raging inwardly at her quondam suitor.

"Why don't he ask me at once again?" she queried, mentally; "I am sure he loves, and any one might see that I love him; but I can't, I suppose I shall be an old maid."

But the doctor was not to blame. A man of the world would have seen through Matty's stratagem, but he didn't; he imagined that she was either trying to drown her disappointment at losing Tom, or had really decided to marry the enamored Will.

The truth occurred to Matty at last.

She could hardly believe such stupidity existed in the mind of man; but she determined to try what modest and retiring behavior would effect. So she dismissed Will, and became, to all outward resemblances, a little nun. Still no advance on the doctor's part. He came and went constantly to the house, however. Matty gave up all hope, finally, of ever coming to a better understanding with him, when something happened.

Dr. Gibson "dropped in" one morning, when Mrs. Kellicott sat sewing on the pleasant veranda in the cool, refreshing breeze.

"You mustn't come here," she called, as he tied his horse to the hitching-post.

"My work requires my undivided attention; besides, you'll step on the ruffles. You may go and help Matty, if you like."

That young woman was making pies in the kitchen. She saw the doctor coming round the corner of the house, gave a hurried glance at the bright bottom of a tin pan she was holding, found herself presentable, and greeted him composedly. She was very glad to see him, she said. Wouldn't he come in.

No, he wouldn't come in, the day was so beautiful. He would just stand on the little brick pavement under the window, and lean over the sill.

So there he stood under the grape-vine trellis, with a little golden sunshine falling over his hair and shoulders. Matty observed that he looked thoroughly unlovely, and concluded that he didn't intend to propose. She also noticed a rip in his coat, and wondered who would mend it for him.

Somewhat the talk veered round from the weather to woman's rights.

Matty, on this, spoke up.

She didn't at all believe in the second-hand influence which reached the ballot-box through the agency of husbands and brothers. "When I vote," she said, "I want to march to the polls and put in my own vote myself."

"What a pretty spectacle you'd make, Matty, with that rolling-pin in your hand, and—"

"I'm not at all sure that I want to vote," she interrupted. "But I just would like to make some laws, that's all."

"Well, you might petition the Legislature," suggested the doctor, gravely.

"Oh, they're not legal laws; only social customs and usages. I'll tell you just what I mean." She laid the rolling-pin aside, with an emphatic bang, placed her floury arms akimbo, looked very earnest and determined, and quite regardless of the fact that she and Dr. Gibson were in love with each other.

"Now, at a party, when a lady sits alone in a stuff chair all the evening, not dancing, simply because she hasn't any partner, and can't ask any one, oh, you know, Dr. Gibson, you know—"

"How it is myself!" interpolated he.

"How it was at Mrs. Campbell's the other night. If I had been Anna Radcliffe, or Dora Collard, I'd have asked some of you men to dance with me."

"Then you think women should have the privilege of asking for whoever they wish?" he retorted, with half a smile.

She answered that she thought just that.

"Well, Matty, I quite agree with you. I not only think they should have this right in such a case you mention, but also in more serious affairs. For instance, women might, with perfect propriety, make proposals of marriage."

Now, such an idea had never entered Matty's foolish little head, and she sized the sugar-box with great embarrassment. The doctor went on, with much gravity:

"I am aware that it would be a very unconventional proceeding, and I am afraid that no woman will ever be wise enough to take the initiative; and yet I am persuaded that in many instances it would be the most natural and beautiful thing she could do."

He was looking unconsciously up at the blue sky shining through the flagpole work of vine-leaves above him. It was evident he was thinking in the abstract only, but a faltering little "Dr. Gibson" recalled him to the concrete. And there stood Matty smiling, blushing, dimpling, ready to extinguish herself in her brown gingham apron.

"Dr. Gibson, I like you ever so much!" she faltered, bravely, but breathlessly.

The doctor jumped through an open window, and made his proposal over again.—*Portland Sunday Times.*

Alligator Leather.

Between 17,000 and 20,000 alligator skins are tanned yearly, which are consumed by boot and shoe manufacturers in every portion of the United States, as well as exported to London and Hamburg.

The alligators formerly came almost entirely from Louisiana, and New Orleans was the great center of business. The Florida swamps and morasses are now the harvest fields, and Jacksonville, in that State, the great depot. The alligators often attain a length of eighteen to twenty feet, and frequently live to a very old age. The hides are stripped off and the belly and sides, the only portions fit for use, are packed in barrels, in strong brine, and shipped to the Northern tanner, who keeps them under treatment for from six to eight months, when they are ready to be cut up. So far, the leather has been mainly used in the manufacture of boots and shoes; but handsome slippers are also made of it.

The Paris police have just been armed with a small but powerful little lamp, which they conceal under the overcoat, but by whose aid they can instantly throw a blinding light on objects and identify offenders.

SCARLET FEVER.

Rules Required for the Prevention of the Disease.

At a meeting of the physicians of Chicago, a few days since, to take measures to stay the ravages of scarlet fever, the following rules for the care of the disease were recommended:

1. The sick person and the necessary attendants should not come in contact, or mingle with healthy persons.

2. All woolen articles, whether of clothing, furniture, or decoration, such as carpets, curtains, etc., which may be retentive of disease-germs, should be removed from the sick chamber.

3. Flat dishes containing carbolic acid in solution should be placed under the bed and in other parts of the sick-room, and the floor should be sprinkled two or three times a day with the same solution. A basin or cup partly filled with a solution of carbolic acid, or containing chloride of carbolic acid, should also be constantly on the bed for the patient to spit into. This should be emptied, cleansed, and recharged two or three times a day.

4. All bedding or clothing when removed from the contact of the patient, should be at once placed in a tub or other large vessel containing a solution of carbolic acid prior to being washed.

5. Instead of pocket-handkerchiefs, small pieces of rags should be used for wiping the mouth and nose, so that afterward they may be at once burned.

6. The dresses of nurses should be of linen or other smooth material that can be readily washed. And nurses should be careful to wash their hands in a weak solution of carbolic acid immediately after they have been soiled by the excreta of the patient.

7. The glasses, cups, spoons, etc., used by the patient should be carefully cleansed before being used by others.

8. The discharges from the bowels and bladder should be received on their very issue from the body into vessels charged with disinfectants.

9. So soon as the skin commences to desquamate, the minute particles should be prevented from flying off as impalpable powder by thoroughly anointing the skin (the scalp included) with olive oil or lard. This should be done as early as the fourth or fifth day. When the patient becomes able to take a warm bath the whole person should be well scrubbed, free use being made of carbolic acid soap. Three or four such baths should be given at intervals of two days.

10. When the patient has left the chamber, the latter should be thoroughly dusted, and the floors, bedstead and woodwork washed with the carbolic acid solution. The walls should also be freshly lime-washed; or, if they are covered with paper, this latter should be removed and recovered.

A Paper Menagerie.

The exchanges have restocked their menageries, the band has begun to play, and the printer's devil about the monkey's cage had better keep away. A large petrified rattlesnake, with a perfect set of rattles, has been found by a temperance man near Red Bluff, in the far West. An absent-minded gentleman, who recently emigrated from Fayetteville to Williamson, N. C., has received by express two large and superannuated cats of his own sex, which his considerate neighbors had boxed up and sent to his address. A panther eight feet long has been shot near Gloversville, N. Y. An epicure in Sedalia, Mo., has restricted himself to thirty quail in thirty days. From fifteen to twenty "coons are killed near Marble Hill, Mo., every day. German scientists have sent an order to a Buffalo agent for fifty specimens of the Monopoma Alleghaniensis, or "hell-bender," and the mud banks of Olean county, N. Y., are now being ransacked for these curious little half-alligators. Bears everywhere; also dogs. A lass of 18 was sitting with her lover in the kitchen of her home at Osceola, Mo., one evening, when she noticed that the fire was low. Rising to replenish the fuel her foot struck what she supposed was a piece of rope, and stooping to pick it up she received the venomous fangs of a large rattlesnake in her thumb. The girl simply turned the light up, asked the young man to kill the reptile, and seizing a large case-knife severed the thumb from the hand, thus preventing the poison from getting into her system. The snake measured four feet and two inches in length. All of which is a remarkable instance of presence of mind and of—snake. The circuit of the exchange menagerie is complete—beginning and ending with snakes.

The Panic One Man Caused in a Colored Church.

Mr. Dolde, the giant powder man, has the reputation of being a practical joker, but his last performance may be regarded as going to extremes too great to place it within the pale, even, of allowable wagery. Mr. Dolde is interested in a powder manufactory at Delassus, in St. Francois county, and on last Sunday, while in that place, a bet was made that Dolde dare not enter a church near Farmington, occupied by a colored congregation, dressed in his Boyton suit, used in swimming, of which he is the owner.

Dolde accepted the challenge. He put on his Boyton suit, inflated it with air as if ready to plunge into the river, and, placing a fuse in his mouth, he entered the church. He walked up the aisle spouting forth fire from his mouth, and at the same time exploding his powder tester. The congregation were struck with consternation and imagined that the devil had come upon them this time sure. The pastor caught the infection, and, after breathing forth a short ejaculatory prayer, he turned around, kicked out the window in the rear of the pulpit with his foot and jumped outside. The members of the congregation tumbled over each other in their efforts to reach the door, and soon the church was evacuated. The result was that the perpetrator of the wicked joke was arrested by the sheriff of St. Francois county and kept in jail over night, when, on the interposition of friends, he was released.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Pith and Point.

It is the want of motive, says George Eliot, that makes life dull and makes men feel old.

Now is the time to subscribe 50 cents to the poor fund, and \$5 to the base-ball club which is to scoop the world next spring.

When a Long Island husband is missing, his wife has a regular programme to follow. She first makes sure that the servant girl is at home or also missing.

If you don't feel any itching of the spot on the left arm within two or three days, you can charge your doctor with having scraped his virus from an old wart.

Don't trust to appearances. A New York policeman looked into a wagon, expecting to find a lost dog, but found instead \$4,000 worth of stolen kid gloves.

The late Treasurer of Egypt had an income of \$2,000,000 per year, and his great anxiety was to spend every dollar of it. He once burned up \$8,000 to balance his account.

Mr. Bevan's boldness in reproving a person for coughing in a New York church is not without precedent. The Duke of Gloucester stopped King Henry's coffin on the way to church.

A penniless Chicago girl has opened a barber shop as a last resort.—*Boston Post.* A new way for a girl to hone up that she is financially "stretched."—*Morrisum Herald.* Ooh home!—*St. Louis Republic.*

Tennyson's new drama is absorbing the attention of the literary circles of New England, and the Boston husband before returning home stops at a grocery to purchase some crackers and cheese or goes to bed without a meal.

"Triplets," said the Doctor sententiously. "The husband of a year rushed out on the back porch, thought upon his slender income, glared upon the snow-clad yard and exclaimed with a wild, mocking laugh: 'Son-struck in Janu' ary.'"

His last words to her in the morning were: "Wrap up warmly, darling, if you go shopping to-day; the weather is very cold." She said she would, and before she went out she had all her bustles weighed and put on the heaviest one. What will not a woman do for the man she loves!

The goldsmith of the New York Herald hummers out of the finest metal this beautiful and eminently sound reflection: "Mr. Moody sensibly says that pretty girls should not permit men to kiss them at church fairs for 25 cents. That is right. They may be just as easily kissed after they leave the fair and for 100 per cent. less in the price."

For twenty years the elder had this sister courted, and yet he'd never kissed her! Till, growing bold with long delay, he thus proposed to her one day: "I think, my dear, we'd better kiss and pray. That Heaven above will judge it not amiss if we partake of, ere we part—a kiss." And so with due solemnity the pair did for the occasion thus prepare. And then a roving snuck disturbed the air. "The good," said she, as they parted drank. "The good," the sister said, "let's kiss and thank."

He was only an inquisitive boy and he said: "Ma, will all the heathens turn up when it comes resurrection times?" "Yes, my son." "And them missionaries; those will turn up!" "Certainly, my son." "Well, when them cannibal heathen what's been feedin' on missionaries gets resurrected, and them missionaries what's been eat comes around and wants to be resurrected, things is going to be mixed up, hey, ma!" "It is merr yore were in bed, my son."

The merry jingle of the sleigh-bells, the sparkle of the crystal snow in the lambent light of the moon, and the confiding creature that nestles closely to him beneath the buffalo robes, tenderly clasping his left hand in hers while his right holds the reins, constitute the winter night's poem that is floating through the dotting lover's soul and leaving him in doubt whether to let go long enough to get his handkerchief out or draw his coat sleeve across his nose.

How a Prisoner Convicted Himself.

The French bar has just lost in M. Chaix-d'Est-ange one of its greatest masters. His greatest triumph, perhaps, and one of the greatest triumphs ever achieved at any bar, was achieved in the case of a man called Benoit, whom he was prosecuting for parricide. Benoit had all along persisted in declaring he was innocent, and there was nothing but circumstantial evidence against him. M. Chaix-d'Est-ange resolved to employ one of the most startling and dramatic figures of rhetoric ever used in a court of law. Turning to the prisoner, he placed the scene of the murder in vivid and striking language before him. "There," he cried, "sat your father, quietly reading the newspaper, near the window. He could not see who came into the room. You stole in on tip-toe and crept close behind him. You paused one moment, and then raised the hatchet!" "Yes, yes!" cried Benoit, "that's it; that's how I did it!" What the repeated interrogatories of the examining magistrates had failed to elicit from the murderer was forced from him by the eloquence of the barrister.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Large Fish Hatchery.

The greatest establishment in the world for hatching salmon eggs is that of the United States Government on the MacCloud river, Shasta county, Cal. It is under the superintendence of Livingston Stone, who distributes an average of seven million young salmon each year to the Fish Commissioners of the various States having rivers suitable for their increase.

OLBROCK, the Esquimaux chief, has dined with the Prince of Wales.